Daniel's Complaint

To his GOSSIP PATRICK.

4.

To which are added

The COLLEEN DASS

The BYNCHEEN LOUAHRE.

ANSWER to the BYNCHEEN LOUAHRE

The BANKS of the TWEED.

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Corner of Bridge street.

DANIEL's COMPLAINT
To his Gossip PATRICK.

ONE morning as my fate it was
I heard two neighbours talking,
And thus our time we then did pass,
Along as we were walking,
One says gossip don't you hear,
What fills us with vexation,
The tale is said, which makes me mad,
Concerning of our nation.

I took the oath to my great grief,
Which cost me many a tear, sir
Thinking from that i'd get relief,
And save me from all fear sir,
My wife and children's life they sought,
Which was not my desire;
Yet after all to my downfall,
My house was set on fire.

In the county Meath for truth it's said,
It was there it first began sir,
Where many a gallant farming man,
Was either shot or hang'd sir
Napper Tandy and Hamilton Rowan
They first began this riot,
Wish they had let it alone,
Then we'd all be quiet,
The infection soon did spread around
Both throughout the nation,
No counties now there can be found,
But's fill'd with sad vexation.
They in despair, fought every where,

Both Curragh and Queen's County,
Thro' Wicklow and Wexford fair,
There I must give my bounty.
Now neighbour I must tell to you,
I paid my dues last Friday,
Tho' not one morsel in my house,
To me it was a dry day,
Yet after that my bullock fat,
Both horses, cows and sheep, sir,
My pigs and poultry all destroyed,
When I was fast asleep, sir,
We hunted are I do declare,
And that both day and night sir,
We cannot rest with grief oppressed,
As each thing us affright, sir,
May God above, of joy and love
Send peace unto our isle, sir,
Then trade apace it will increase,
And fortune surely smile, sir.

The COLLEEN DASS.

SWEET landlady my darling a quart
here now fill with speed,
it may serve as a cordial perhaps in the
time of need,
will pay you to the farthing what's due
for indeed and deed
Here's a health to that charmer that caus
my heart to bleed.
Not wealth nor great estates dear sir ma
that my mean,

Your cattle nor friends favour I crave not,
but you alone,
Give me your hand in earneſt don't leave
me with cold diſdain,
One kiſs from your fair lips would eaſe me
of all my pain.
Exceeding lovely fair one pray grant me
ſome kind relief,
ou are the only ba ſam that can cure me
and quel my grief,
ccept a heart right faithful whoſe care ſhall
be ſtill to pleaſe
Releaſe your wounded ſlave deareſt maiden
and give ſome eaſe,
I'm a young rake that loves to play with
the pretty maids,
But now I am enſnared by a maid who my
heart betrayed,
Her love enchanting face does encreaſe my
ſad grief and care,
is for her ſweet ſake now I rove here in
deep deſpair.
On a fair ſummers morning I walked for
to take the air
I met my lovely fair one whoſe form was
nice and rare,
The dreſs ſhe wore was neat and the treſſes
of her golden hair.
ringlets being quite careleſs this charmer
outſhines the fair,
No borrowed locks diſgrace this fair mai-
dens head or neck,